

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF
LOCAL NEWS AND HOME READING,
PUBLISHED AT
BLOOMFIELD, ESSEX CO., NEW JERSEY,
BY THE
Bloomfield Publishing Company.

\$2.00 a Year, in advance. Single Copies, 5c.

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NEWS ITEMS, NOTICES AND REPORTS MUST BE SENT TO THE OFFICE NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY EVENING OF EACH WEEK, IF THEY ARE TO APPEAR IN THE CURRENT NUMBER.

TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PERMANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

We surrender considerable space to the doings of that excellent institution, the Home for the Friendless in Montclair. Our neighbors will observe that we have reported all the addresses fully, and that in this case as in others hereafter, they may be certain of the best treatment at the hands of THE CITIZEN. Our facilities for such matters increase every day.

It is never a pleasant thing to publish what gives pain. We have the full particulars of several quite disgraceful proceedings, which will be found duly noted on our local page. And now that we are confronted, for the first time since the establishment of this paper, with this familiar journalistic experience, we wish to speak a plain word of warning. There is rowdiness here in Bloomfield which must cease. In the present case we have kept names out of print, although they are well known in town. But hereafter, and impartially, we shall publish the offender with the offense. We have all the names now, but we consider it wise to appeal to the better sense and judgment of the parties, before we expose them to the contempt of the community.

THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

A hard winter, followed by a late spring and succeeded by a wet summer, cannot be said to be inspiring. Trade and manufactures have felt the effects and we have additionally perceived the disturbances caused by the new tariff and by the coming presidential canvass. Hence the present has been called a "dull" season—and while complaints are not especially loud, they are frequent.

It is fortunate for us that wiser counsels have guided our journalism than in former times. We are more judicious and less hasty. We have learned the great law of averages, and that in the long run the average saves the depressions by discounting the elevations. So, like good navigators, we have furled or reefed the business sails to suit the wind. And it can be safely added that the danger of crises has been permanently overcome.

Perhaps this comes from the greater attention lately paid to the causes of panic. Overproduction has been closely scrutinized. Conventions in every line of business are now indispensable. Organization has taken the place of individualism and often false methods. The movement is that of an army and not that of a mob.

We risk nothing, then, in saying that ten years ago a season like the present would have been the pretty sure precursor of much suffering and stringency, whereas now it is merely indicative of caution and conservative methods. We are not at all in the vicinity of panic—not even near the edges of peril. The railroads that were being pushed as financial ventures, the stocks that were being floated for all manner of wildcat enterprises, are largely called in or broken up. The light sails, that is to say, have been taken off the ship, and she does not labor and strain in the uplifted sea and before the stronger wind.

Careful inquiry justifies the statement that our methods are good. Collections, while they are slow, are substantially safe. We adjust ourselves to new conditions very soon, and the new tariff has points of favor for the masses, which ought to reduce the cost of the necessities, as well as some of the luxuries of life. Prices are by no means a mere criterion of culture. The country is neither sick nor insecure.

This is not a rose-colored view of the situation. It takes into account the floods in the West, the slowness of the seasons, and the uncertainty produced by political changes. But it is surer and more certain each year that our breadstuffs come from larger areas, and that, in so vast a country, the deficiencies and the excesses make a safe and reliable average. It would not at all surprise us to find a readjustment of our ideas relative to the seasons themselves, and the

emancipation presently of a great share of the business public from hand-to-mouth ways and short-sighted opinions relative to profit and loss. Fall now does not come much before November, and winter does not close until about the end of April. Old Earth has taken a twist on her axis, to which we must conform ourselves. It is this which has disordered us a trifle, but the present year gives us no such ground for alarm as should make us anxious or even doubtful of the final result. We promise ourselves the pleasure of an editorial this very Fall that shall fulfill these anticipations.

AN AGREEABLE NEIGHBOR.

The Montclair Times does not neglect to read THE CITIZEN and to improve its mind—and lately its personal appearance—in consequence. But last week its patent insides troubled it. It cried out—in fact, it cried out loud—yes, even in meeting it cried out. It wasn't ashamed to let it be known that it felt badly—that it was even quite sick over it. But it erred in supposing that what thrilled its sensibilities either agitated Montclair or alarmed Bloomfield.

Consequently it perpetrated an editorial—an infrequent form of its literary development, which usually takes another shape. It objects, in this remarkable product of its skill, to its own sentences which we reprinted, and in which it parodied Dogberry to an extent that was perhaps unconscious, but was none the less refreshing. To turn the edge of its own quoted self-complacency—which didn't read so well in another journal, by the way—it speaks of THE CITIZEN as being conducted by "amateur journalists," and calls us its "young contemporary."

We rather like this. We would sooner be an "amateur journal" than a "ready-print"—with a troublesome inside. And the Montclair Times, for all its large talk, is just that—a biggish kind of organ, with a lot of bogus pipes all around it, and a little flimsy squeak of its own in the centre. It don't take much wind to fill it pretty full.

We are grieved to be compelled to draw odious comparisons, but the original material in THE CITIZEN each week is not less than three or four times what our agreeable neighbor contains.

If the Times were deprived of its Bloomfield news, it would have to set up lists of streets and pages of directory to fill the column of its own "original" requirements, or else buy more "ready-printed" matter to meet the demand.

When Bloomfield secured good water at reasonable figures, the Montclair Times had two grievances—we didn't need their well, and it was cross, besides, because we got first into the arrangement.

It acted like the Irishman: "I told him he had any swate ale. He axed me yis, but it was sour and all gone." It was sour and all gone—that was precisely the trouble.

Before this break in the water pipe there was a patronizing air to what little of original reference the Times graciously made to Bloomfield. After it they became like Trabis' boy in "Great Expectations," and went by on the other side of the street and said, "Don't know ye! Don't know ye!"

The Times receives the assurance of our sympathy. We didn't really mean to step on it—and particularly we did not maliciously choose its pet corn.

Whether it was its patent inside or its patent outside, it was a bad excrecence of total depravity. Being sufficiently provincial itself, it only knows how to get up and howl, "You're another!" Which, as all must admit, is an entirely convincing and satisfactory reply.

Well, gas rises, and what we don't need in Bloomfield goes up to Montclair. But when the Times turns on its own private burner without lighting it, the result is certain to be noticeable, though it cannot truthfully be called brilliant.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

We publish in another column the programme of the summer schools of this association, of which Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, is president, and our fellow townsman, Mr. C. M. Davis, secretary. These summer schools open their third year with 370 members, nearly half as many as the Victoria Institute of Great Britain, founded seventeen years ago.

The objects of these associations are, briefly, to investigate the most important objects of philosophy and science, but more especially those which bear upon the great truths revealed in Holy Scripture, with a view of demonstrating the harmony between Christianity and true science; to associate men of science and authors who have already been engaged in such investigations; to publish in the form of a journal, papers read before the society in furtherance of the above objects; and to interest Christian men and women, learned and unlearned, in the production, the circulation, and the reading of a literature which shall promote intellectual with religious culture.

A very successful winter school was held in New York last winter; part of the lectures (those delivered by Prof. Young, of Princeton College, on Astronomy) were published in the N. Y. Tribune.

The character and standing of some of its members may be seen by reading the programme of the summer schools.

For any information in regard to the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, its monthly meetings, its winter courses, etc., address Mr. Charles Davis, secretary, 4 Winthrop Place, New York.

ABOUT PAYING INTEREST.

Some one from New England is publishing envelopes full of statistics concerning the news that the borrower, instead of paying interest, ought to receive. And showing what an incredible sum would have accumulated had one cent, or one dollar, or one million dollars, been lent at interest at the time of the building of the great pyramid. We rise to explain. The borrower has all the trouble of the care of the money, therefore, he ought to receive. The man who buys a horse has all the trouble of the care, therefore, the dealer ought to pay him. The man who buys a house ought to be paid; so with the other fellow who wears good clothes, eats good dinners, and smokes good cigars; in fact, the world owes us a living, and the man who pays the last debt to nature is a fool, for he still has a good, round balance to his credit.

Again, how alluring is the story of interest compounded over and over; \$500 from twelve hens is unprofitable alongside of this. But the theory of twelve eggs, twelve hens, and twelve hen's 1300 eggs, etc., has its drawbacks—for there's the roosters, the added eggs, the chicks that wilted in the sun, or were caught by rats, or hawks, or weasels, the hens that died, and all the knowledge that comes from disenchanted experience. Our friend makes no account of money sunk in unprofitable enterprises, of fires, of floods and wars, unsettling continents and destroying not only property, but nations. The lender has his troubles no less than the borrower.

Summer Leisure.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

If, as an old adage says, "Contentment is the sum of human happiness," rest which leaves out of account the worn and troubled mind is after all only partial and incomplete. It is the tired mind rather than the weary body which needs rest. This machinery of the brain, which moves continually, turning over and over the multiplied interests of business, and politics, and religion, with no end of petty annoyances at home and abroad, grows weary at last, and wears itself out in futile efforts to continue its work, unless it be carefully looked after. From the cradle to the grave the noiseless wheels are in motion, save when sleep brings, perhaps, only a disturbed rest to the tired brain. Each day brings its toil, each hour its trouble. To go on is in many cases to die of overwork, to stop seems impossible. It is no fancy sketch we have drawn. It is the actual experience of many a one who will read these lines. Mr. Herbert Spencer declared it to be a national weakness—this intensity of life—in every department of work. How, then, shall we meet it, for meet it we must, if we fall in our work. That great reservoir of human activity from their steam upon the piston of the brain, compelling action, unless we resolutely shut off the supply. The telegraph, the newspaper, business, churches, societies—these great engines of progress, so necessary, even essential, keep up their unintermitting action. Where is the great balance wheel by which the motion of the machinery can be regulated—the governor, or by which the rush of steam can be regulated?

There is but one balance wheel—the mind—the human will—controlling all, directing all. Be wise. You cannot stop the machinery; you can regulate it.

Stop your ears for a while to the pulse beat of all that is artificial in life. Turn your back upon its refinements, and rest for a while in the lap of nature. Let Woo her gently, and she will kindly deal with her erring children. Put down your ear and listen to her pulse beat. Open your eyes and pry out her myriad secrets. It will be time well spent. It will teach a thousand lessons of patience, of persistence, of love, which you had forgotten amid the eager rivalries of business. Strange as it may seem, we value the artificial and forget the real. The pictures upon our walls, the poems we read—what are they but feeble imitations of what we see about us? These green fields, the waving grain, the rustling leaves, the gentle movement of the trees—are they not Nature's best gifts, and all the better because so free? No costly pictures, or libraries, or houses; but the pictures are at our feet; Nature's Book is open before us, and her blue vault covers us. The quiet dignity and calm of the mountain top speaks of an unbroken serenity, a granite firmness; the heaving waves tell us of an unwaried persistence in which passion and struggle are forgotten. Go, then, return to her arms and find more than pure air and good food, find rest for wearied brain and fretted nerves.

We stood one summer afternoon upon a high peak in the land of the Swiss. Over against us was another mass of rock, down whose side the few feeble avalanches had come, burying town and hamlet, and village in one vast and awful ruin, precipitating itself at last in the lake at its foot. Here and there vast boulders of rock and masses of clay told their story of the terror of a night. But kindly Nature, who never sleeps, had visited this lonely spot. With deft fingers she had twisted her grasses and flowers over the bare and hideous rocks, leaving only a trace now and then of the ruin which had been wrought.

A deep but solemn thought came over us as we remembered the sorrows which come suddenly upon us, cutting their deep seams into the very fibers of our hearts, and leaving us writhing, trembling, and faint beneath their terrific impact. Then came another day, with new duties, and cares and trials, and the sorrow is forgotten.

List of Letters

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